1:Gallin E-4,5 (1957-1958) 1966
AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5

[P.148-B]

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ABOVE: Itinerant beautician. BELOW: Itinerant artisan making steamers.

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178 many respects remained surprisingly unchanged. Brides today wear white
[588] western style wedding dresses, but otherwise the ritual of the nuptial
[969] ceremonies is much the same as it was at the turn of the century. The head of one household destroyed his ancestral tablets several years ago in a fit of anger, the ancestors having "let his mother and his wife die," but with this one exception every family in the village continues
[756] to make regular sacrifices to the deceased. Western medicine and relatively modern medical facilities are readily available, and yet two
[302] men are able to make a living in the Hsulin area as shamans. Many
[796] of the young village men wear their hair long in imitation of the Japanese imitation of Elvis Presley, but they are still willing to serve as bearers every year when the god Shang Ti Kung is carried in a heavy sedan chair across a bed of hot coals. Nor are these simply empty observances carried on out of the inertia of the young and nostalgia of the
[771] old. Particularly in respect to religion, the traditional life of
[794] the village displays real vitality. As late as 1925 a group of
[796] villagers established a new committee to organize worship for the god
[778] Tai Tzu Yeh, and in the year immediately before the war the people of Chichou contributed both time and money to rebuild the Shang Ti Kung temple. Even as late as 1960 it was possible for the committee in charge of the temple to collect several thousand dollars to hire two Taoist nuns to care for the building.

In one very important respect, however, there has been a real and irreversible change in the life of Hsiachichou, a change which has begun to have a substantial effect upon marriage forms and family life.

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

over 70. Around the village she wears dark cotton pants, hemmed to a clumsy level between ankle and knee, and a white Mandarin smock, sleeveless in summer and long-sleeved in winter. For her infrequent trips to Tapu or nearby temples, she wears dark Mandarin-collared dresses cut so loosely and with such decorous side slits that their generic relationship with the fashionable, clinging cheong-sam of Hongkong is questionable. Her hair is parted in the middle and pulled tightly back into a neat knot low on her neck. It is rarely disordered even in the roughest of farm work because (much to the horror of my modern minded interpreter) she keeps a heavy coating of fat on it.

Lim A-pou's extraordinary old-fashionedness, or devotion to tradition, is not limited to her dress. I found her, as do many of her neighbors, an excellent informant on ancient home remedies, rituals for placating household gods and ghosts, techniques for protecting pregnant women, and for purifying rooms following childbirth. Part of her conflict with her late husband's younger brother, Lim Chieng-cua, results from his introduction of more economical practices in the ceremonies honoring the ancestors. Many families on Taiwan now combine the ceremonies celebrating their more distant ancestors' birth and death days, presenting the expensive offerings of meat and fowl to them all on the same day, rather than repeating the expense for each on their specific anniversary. Besides this, Lim Chieng-cua also abolished the bi-monthly offerings to Tu Ti Kung—a less expensive ceremony but one that has not been celebrated in many households for decades. A-pou bitterly resented these omissions and continued to offer an apologetic bit of incense each night and morning to preserve what to her was at least a semblance of propriety. When Lim Chieng-cua installed the new pump in the house without consulting the almanac, A-pou was angry for days. According to the almanac, the Placenta God was resting in that particular room on that particular day. Through Lim Chieng-cua's negligence, the little god was disturbed or injured, and he took his vengeance on A-pou's grandson in the form of a high fever. Before the fever was finally controlled with an injection of penicillin, Lim Chieng-cua and his nephew, the father of the child, had to endure a week of foul humor, both of them alarmed by the illness and neither of them believing in A-pou's theory of causation.

Due to the indiscretion of the only other person who knew of the event, I learned of Lim A-pou's one lapse from rigid respectability.

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

ceased when she entered the family of Tan. Even though she had been an adopted daughter in the Lim house for ten years, she had been sent with all propriety to the home of her future husband. If she left that family as a respectable bride, she should have brought her troubles back to them, or even to her natal family if she knew their whereabouts. Instead, A-hong always brought her problems home to the Lims. A quarrel with the man who was currently supporting her was grounds for a week's vacation at the Lim's. If she had trouble finding a new "friend," she stayed for awhile with the Lims. Her eldest daughter, Chun-ieng, spent as much of her childhood under the care of Lim Han-ci's wife and Lim A-pou as she did with her mother. Why Tan A-hong felt she could make such demands on the family, and why they allowed it, is a puzzle, but she continues to do so to this day.

Chun-ieng was born during the war. Many children were sent into the country during those years to protect them from the American bombings and so Chun-ieng, of course, was sent to the Lims. A-hong's second child was a son. When he was five or six, A-hong was living with a man, apparently not his father, in Tainan. They quarreled one evening and in a fit of temper she ran out, leaving him with the boy. She stayed away for nearly two weeks, during which time the boy contracted measles. A-hong's gentleman friend did his best at an unfamiliar job, but when A-hong recovered her good humor and returned, her son was dead. Sometime later she adopted a daughter who succumbed to a similar disease before she was old enough to walk. Finally, in A-hong's fortieth year, when her fading looks had forced her to work in the least desirable brothels of Tainan, she gave birth to her daughter, Chai-ngo.

When I met Tan A-hong, it was as hard to believe that she was only forty-five as it was to believe that she had once been a very pretty woman. She is quite short, fine boned, with delicate wrists and ankles, but now her back is stooped and her shoulders hunched, perhaps, as many people suggest, from the long hours she spends at the gambling tables. Her face is beautifully proportioned with a small, thin nose, high cheek bones, fairly large eyes and a fine wide brow. But now, her cheeks are sunken and lined, and her high cheek bones suggest too strongly the skeleton that lies beneath the sallow, muddy skin. Her hair is no longer thick, but it is still unusually fine in texture. She combs it so rarely that its quality goes unnoticed. She dresses in the fashion of the poorest village wife, sloppily and with not a few greasy

3: Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

spots on her skirt—but the sweater she throws over her shoulders is often imported. Her voice is shrill or gives that impression because she is nearly always scolding or complaining about something, but one can imagine that it was once a light feminine soprano.

Tan A-hong had not had any permanent "friends" for some time before Chai-ngo was born, and after her birth she found it more and more difficult to make a living. Chun-ieng was sent out to work. She was nineteen when I first met her and had been working as a prostitute for four years. To me she seemed more like a sophisticated American teenager than the timid giggling village girls her age. She was considerably less curious about us then were her contemporaries in the village, but far less hesitant about satisfying her curiosity. The village girls went into paroxysms of shyness if I asked them a question, but Chun-ieng howled at my accent and then good-humoredly tried to answer my questions. I rarely saw her interacting with anyone her own age in the village, but she joins the games of small children with an abandon and glee that would bring blushes of shame to the cheeks of her stodgy peers. The childish pleasure she finds in cooking, in feeding the family's dog, or in watching a newly hatched flock of ducks is both unaffected and pathetic. When she is in the village, Chun-ieng dresses soberly and wears little or no make-up, but she is undeniably different from the other girls her age. Her upright bearing, her poise in conversation, and even her smooth, pale skin are out of place in the muddy lanes and the coarse brick farmhouses. She is tall, unlike her mother, but her bones have the same delicacy. Her face is long and thin, giving her high cheekbones the drama that her mother's lack. Her eyes are a bit too small, but she shapes her eyebrows carefully to minimize the defect. She doesn't cut her fine black hair, nor allow it to be frizzed by cheap permanents. Often in the village she pulls it back into a pony tail, giving her an innocent Alice-in-Wonderland look. She loves to gossip and has great skill in spinning a simple anecdote into an intriguing story. Without slipping into vulgarity, she can entertain the rather staid women of the Lim household with endless stories about her work—she can even keep Lim A-pou sitting for awhile. There is always more laughter in the house when Chun-ieng is home.

Prostitutes in Peihotien occupy a rather ambiguous position, resembling in no way the status forced on a prostitute, retired or active, in an American small town. They are considered "more inter-

3:Wolf F-5 (1959-1961) 1968 AD5 Taiwan Hokkien AD5
Peihotien

Le-cu, the cause of all the trouble, did not return for several days but was finally summoned by her mother when it became apparent that Lim A-pou had no intention of departing from the established cycle of responsibility for cooking. Many men make a hobby of cooking, displaying their special skills at banquets and the like. We often savored some of Lim Chieng-cua's specialties, but in this situation it would have been impossible for him to step into the breach for even one meal, serving his nephews and children. Instead, his eldest son managed, and managed quite well, until his sister returned to assist him. To my knowledge, no words were exchanged between daughter and father, but one look at her mother probably was punishment enough. I do not imagine that Chui-ieng passed up this opportunity to tell Le-cu what she had suffered on her behalf. For several weeks Le-cu was a model daughter, but she avoided her father whenever possible.

By the time Lim Chui-ieng was moving around the house again, Lau Kim-chiok had gotten a job in a brothel in Wanhua and came back to the village once a month, if then. After a few months she formed one of the semi-permanent liaisons which makes a prostitute's life more bearable and sent for her daughter to live with her. Lau Bit never returned to work in the factory. Not long after, I noticed a gayly dressed young woman, rather heavily rouged, visiting Lau Kim-chiok's mother. My interpreter, amused that I did not recognize her, said that this was Lau Bit. She couldn't have been much over sixteen, but, as with so many young prostitutes, her youth disappeared with her innocence. Just before I left the village, I heard that Lau Bit had had her first abortion.

Relations between Lim Chieng-cua and his wife improved considerably after the crisis of Lau Kim-chiok's return. Although Lim Chieng-cua did not appear any more attentive than usual, I think his wife at last realized that among other things, her husband no longer cared for the responsibilities and expenses of the kind of entertainment he had enjoyed during his affair with Kim-chiok. He had not, in fact, for years, but Chui-ieng's outrage and jealousy prevented her from accepting this. She still complains about money and on occasion refers vaguely to past excesses, but she is more cautious now in her choice of words.

291 traditional high-necked slit-side dress) of dark coarse
561 material for work. Younger women do have chi pao of fine
[292] material which they wear for important affairs. However,
in the recent period, a chi pao is usually first acquired
[177] for an engagement or wedding. Younger girls usually wear
293 Western-style outfits for trips to town. Women usually
carry umbrellas to protect against rain and sun alike.
291 At night, women too wear pajamas but less often than men
[513] wear them out on the street in the evening. Footwear is
[177] not unlike that for men except that young women more of-
[562] ten wear Western-style cheap shoes. Women also are more
likely to wear traditional cloth slippers in the home.

302 Special identifying haircuts are required of stu-
305 dents. Men go to the barber about once every two weeks
and usually have a shampoo and a shave as well as a hair-
cut. Women in Sanlei very seldom go to a beauty shop al-
though there is a beautician in the Erhlei barber shop.
302 Young women wear makeup now for trips to town although
teased by villagers, "You look like a prostititue" (see
593 Glossary C). Parents attempt to control their daughter's
dress and behavior but do not have much success. The
girls are now earning money and are economic assets. If
they are treated too harshly, they can easily move to the
city or to a factory dormitory.

296 Clothing in the village is worn until it falls
apart. There are many patches and even patches on patches.